

British El, You're Mine! by CaptainJockfromTouchwood

Category: Enola Holmes (2020), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Anal Sex, Bottom Mike Wheeler, Dom/sub, Drowning, Enola Holmes Gets Powers, F/F, F/M, Face-Sitting, M/M, Master/Pet, Master/Slave, Mind Break, Mind Manipulation, Mind Rape, Mind Sex, Minor Eleven | Jane Hopper/ Mike Wheeler, Oral Sex, Rough Sex, Sexual Slavery, Shameless Smut, Tentacle Rape, Tentacle Sex, Vaginal Fingering, Vaginal Sex, Whipping

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Enola Holmes, Linthorn (Enola Holmes), Mike Wheeler, Original Male Character(s), Shadow Monster | Mind Flayer

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Enola Holmes/ Original Male Character(s)

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Summary:

Nathan had all this power, so what was he to do? Get a partner of course! Then, he could have some REAL fun.

British El, You're Mine!

Author's Note:

Yeah, this is just some random shit my brain came up with, so enjoy!

Nathan Cross was just taking a stroll, minding his own business, when this cloud of dust or something came flying at him, injecting itself into his body! It tried to take control of him, take away his will, but he was NOT about to let that happen! Screaming from the pain, he fought tooth and nail, blood vessels popping from the exertion, until finally the evil presence was silenced.

Laughing hysterically, he could feel the power, it was amazing! Deciding to test himself, he concentrated on using his new abilities, watching as darkness shot out of his hand and eviscerated a tree. Holy shit, that was awesome!

He could feel new knowledge coursing in his brain, and knew of what the being was trying to get, Jane "Eleven" Hopper. She was quite the looker, just 4 years younger than him, but...

Grinning at his thoughts, he opened a portal, one that would take him to a place that had someone who LOOKED like El, but wasn't actually her. Sure he COULD have just gone after El, but he wanted to be different. With that pleasant thought in mind, he walked through the portal, not knowing where exactly it would take him.

Closing the portal behind him, he looked around, wondering where and when he was. It... looked like England, but he wasn't sure, having never been there himself. Deciding to just walk around, considering the portal dropped him near the El lookalike, he

eventually stumbled across an interesting scene.

The El lookalike was being attacked by an assassin of some sort, and she was soaking wet. Well, that was his queue to step in. Shooting a tendril of darkness at the man, it pierced directly through his heart, instantly killing him. The girl turned to him, eyes wide in fear, and before she could escape, he shot tendrils at her, completely restraining her. He walked over, and asked for her name, figuring it was something he needed to know.

“Enola... Holmes” She choked out, Nate nodding in response, before slowly forcing her into unconsciousness. Enola struggled, before succumbing to complete darkness. He chuckled amusedly to himself, riding high on these awesome new powers. He decided to take her to his... lair, he supposed it was called, not really having any other denizens besides himself.

Stepping into his lair, he deposited her on his bed, making sure to close the portal behind him. Now she couldn’t escape, even if she left the building, it was just a vast emptiness out there, and he could easily find her in this place. He removed her clothes, instead of just ripping it off, because he quite liked the red dress, and wanted to keep it.

Ah, she looked *exquisite* , and she was still wet, which just added fuel to his arousal. He couldn’t have picked a better person to become his partner, his lover and willing slave. He kneeled beside her, cupping her firm breasts, occasionally pinching her erect nipples, even putting one in his mouth and sucking on it like a baby.

Getting an idea, he quickly left for the bathroom, filling his tub as high as it could go, before heading back to Enola. He’d have fun in

there with her later, right now he just wanted to... test her, and himself, see if he could find any new ways she could pleasure him.

Using his tendrils to stand her up, keeping her arms and legs apart, he tapped her on the face a few times, with no response. Sighing in mock disappointment, he punched her in the stomach, and THAT certainly woke her up, coughing and wheezing.

“Hi there! My name’s Nathan Cross, and I’ll be your new Master!” He cheerfully told her, watching the confusion and defiance immediately entering her eyes. Yay, he’d get to have fun with her! Clapping his hands once, he kicked her right in the pussy, and if his tendrils weren’t holding up and restraining her, he was sure she would have fallen to her knees, hands going to her cunt.

“Now, we can do this the hard and long way, or the short and easy way. I don’t care which, I just figured I’d give you the choice.” He told her, deciding to give her a chance to make this swift and painless. She didn’t respond to his words, just glaring hatefully at him, tears of pain already in her eyes. Well that was fine, he wanted her to say no anyway.

Putting a ball gag in her mouth, he went behind her and admired her incredible ass, before whipping it with a tendril. She screamed, as much as she could anyway, and he nearly told her she *chose* for this option, but remained silent, wanting to hear her muffled wails of agony as he pummeled her ass and back, leaving red welts all over her backside.

Sobbing in pain and despair, Enola still had that spark of defiance, so Nate decided to move onto what could be his favorite part. Moving her to his bathroom, he made sure she was on all fours, before

getting behind her, having taken off his clothes. Lining up his dick at her entrance, he probed it a little, wanting her to know what was about to happen.

“No...” Enola pathetically pleaded, exhausted beyond belief, but there would be no mercy, ramming himself into her. Her scream was cut off as a tendril pushed her head under the water, Nate gripping her hips roughly, jackhammering her poor cunt.

He loved her useless struggling, making sure to give her enough air to remain conscious, before dunking her again, feeling her pussy tighten every single time. A few moments later, he came, making sure to push in as far as he could go, and he could actually feel *Enola* cumming as well, he hadn’t pegged her as a masochist.

He lifted her from the tub, dropping her on the floor, and watched as she curled in on herself, sobbing from the shame, pain, and humiliation. Using 2 tendrils to wrap around her wrist, he hauled her up, so she was kneeling on the floor, where she belonged.

“Please...please.” She begged, for what, he didn’t know. To make it stop? To keep going? He felt an IOTA of guilt, so decided to just finish this off, walking behind her and kneeling, hugging her gently. Summon 2 more tendrils, they hovered by her ears, waiting for command.

“It’ll be over soon.” He whispered in her ear, before commanding the tendrils to enter her mind. Diving right in, Enola gasped, body spasming in his hold. She moaned, having her mind molested and fucked, while Nate played with her breasts. Finally, it was too much, and she came hard, squirting from the intensity. He smiled happily, finally breaking her and making her his.

First order of business, cutting her hair, he was thinking slightly above her shoulders. Actually scratch that, first it was time to sleep. Helping Enola up, he walked with her to his bed, gently laying her down. Now that she belonged to him, he would do his best to treat her right, unless he was in the mood to be dominant and sadistic.

He spooned her, loving the feeling of her ass pressed against his dick. He started humping her, a hand going around to play with her pussy lips, and he could feel her respond even in her sleep, she craved him that much now.

“Mm.” She moaned, cumming on his fingers, and when he prodded her mouth, she *actually* started sucking on them. Alright, he figured it was time to sleep, wiping his fingers off in her hair, he went to sleep with thoughts of giving his partner a gift...

When Enola woke up, she was surprised to see she was already dressed, wearing a simple black t-shirt and jeans. Had Nate dressed her? That was sweet of him, she really loved him, he could be so considerate. Getting out of bed, she walked to the living room, seeing him sitting on the couch. Smiling, she walked up behind him, draping her arms over him, and she adored the chuckle he let out.

“Morning love.” She kissed him on the cheek, walking around to mold into his side, like she was born to fit him. Nate wrapped an arm around her, fiddling with her hair, before snapping his fingers, as if remembering something.

Enola admired her new haircut in a mirror, it was cut to about shoulder length, and Nate seemed to like it a lot, so she did as well.

Looking over her new outfit, she quite liked the tight-fitting yellow blouse, with the short black skirt. She'd been offered knickers, but decided against wearing them, not feeling a need to cover up anymore. She felt free, like there were no more worries, everything would be fine thanks to Nate.

"So, there is something else I'd like to give you, although it might hurt. I've never done this before." He told her seriously, but she was steadfast, as if some pain would stop her! Nodding in affirmative, she let him guide her to the couch, standing behind her with his hands on either side of her head.

Suddenly, she felt like her brain was being assaulted, and she couldn't hold back a scream of pain. God, it hurt so much! Tears in her eyes, she waited for what seemed like an eternity, before finally the pain went away, leaving her panting for breath on the couch. She felt... different somehow, and she could feel some sort of knowledge entering her mind.

Grinning eagerly, she decided to test her new powers, levitating all sorts of objects in Nate's living room. This was incredible! Nate had really done this to her, given her such an amazing gift? Walking over to where he was standing, she leaned up to kiss him sensually, running her hands up and down his chest. He wrapped his arms around her, hands going right for her ass, showing his appreciation of her.

"We... have a mission... in a few days" He said in between their kisses, and Enola felt excitement course through her being. A mission, with her lover, and she had new powers? It sounded quite exciting, she couldn't wait to start.

Just as he said, a few days later they were in Hawkins, looking for their targets. Mike Wheeler and Eleven, she had asked why they were going after those two, and he had just said it was a small thing he needed to do, then they could relax and have some quality alone time. The detective part of her knew he was hiding something, but the corrupted part of her didn't really care, she was just glad to be with him.

Finding their targets in Mike's basement, they were all alone, the perfect chance to ambush them. He had warned her of Eleven's powers, but reassured her that she was stronger, she just had to remain on guard. Enola had scoffed somewhat, she was always on guard, and she wouldn't do anything to jeopardize the mission.

Standing right in front of the door, Enola broke right through it, running in and slamming Eleven against the wall before she could react, keeping her eyes on the younger girl. Nate had Mike handled *easily*, tendrils wrapped around his limbs to prevent movement.

“EL!” Mike yelled out, before another tendril forced itself into his mouth, choking him. El looked over, trying to use her powers, before her head was slammed into the wall THREE times, and she was nearly unconscious by the end of the assault. Enola stood over her, feeling more powerful than she ever had in her entire life, and she took a moment to admire the younger girl, especially since she had a near identical face.

Meanwhile, Mike's clothes were torn off, a tendril shooting into his asshole, while 2 more sucked on his nipples like pacifiers. He screamed, still being mouth fucked, and felt tears falling from his eyes. This was a nightmare, it had to be! The tendril in his ass pushed further in, confirming this wasn't a nightmare, but reality.

While Mike was being fucked by Nate, Enola was slowly taking off Eleven's clothes, wanting to fully admire her body. Running a hand up and down her side, she used her other hand to play with her boobs, pinching a nipple every so often. El moaned, still completely dazed from the assault, probably suffering from a concussion, her body instinctively seeking out the thing bringing it pleasure.

Enola slipped a finger in the girl's pussy, watching as her head lolled to the side, bucking against her finger, seeking more pleasure. This young girl was quite the slut, Mike would have been a lucky guy, if they hadn't been on Nate's hit list. Taking her finger out and putting it in El's mouth, she used her powers to make an invisible dildo, ramming it into her pussy. She moaned loudly around her fingers, sucking on them like they were a bottle, her hands went to her breasts, and Enola found the sight of it arousing, she could feel herself getting wetter.

Positioning her dripping pussy over her mouth, she slowly lowered herself, feeling Eleven start to lap up her juices. Enola moaned, playing with her own breast, all the while still mind fucking the girl's soaking wet cunt. She grinded against El's face, feeling herself approaching climax. Finally releasing into her open mouth, she shoved the psychic dick further in El's pussy, and the young girl came, moaning against Enola's own pussy, still climaxing herself.

Taking a few minutes to recover, Enola finally stood up, looking over to see Nate had completely used and abused Mike. The boy was covered in red welts, and was also covered in semen, his ass and mouth still being fucked by the tendrils. All Mike did was groan weakly, his body experiencing a harsh mix of pain and pleasure. When he noticed Enola was done, he dropped Mike next to El, the two of them laying defeated and broken.

“What shall we do now?” She asked, looking over their bodies. She personally wanted to keep them, make them their sex slaves, but ultimately it was Nates decision in the end. Nate looked them over, considering deeply, before making a choice.

“We’ll keep them, my love.” He told her, smiling softly in her direction, and she couldn’t stop herself from hugging and kissing him passionately. Nate HAD been thinking about giving these 2 to the Mind Flayer, as a sort of thank you for gifting him these powers, even inadvertently, but if Enola desired to keep them as sex slaves, he wouldn’t complain.

Later, Enola and Nate would be resting on the couch, watching an action movie. They were content to snuggle, while their pets were in the bedroom, probably having fun with each other. They had been good, so they were allowed a little freedom.

Mike and El were on the bed, furiously groping each other’s naked bodies. The only accessory to their bodies being the collars around their neck, with a name tag attached to them. Their entire beings craved sex, they needed to feel good, so when they were given this freedom, they would take advantage of it.

They were living their best lives, thanks to their Masters.